



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL SALES-ROOM OF D. APPLETON & CO.'S BOOKSTORE, 346 AND 348, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Each person studies and enacts his part, while chance and luck fortune are the dramatic composers. Some play broad farce, some light comedy, and some enact deep tragedy; fools shift the scenery—those thoughtless beings who form the masses. Rich men occupy the boxes, distinguished ones the prosceniums, and poor men fill the pit. Between the acts folly plays its loud concert in the orchestra, and each day renews the varied scenes, until time drops the curtain, and death closes the play!

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

When Talleyrand was once asked by a lady to explain to her the nature of the Russian government, he replied, readily, "*C'est une monarchie absolue limitée l'assassinat*,"—an absolute monarchy limited by assassination. The definition is as memorable and expressive as it is clear. He had studied the annals of the house of Romanoff, and spoke humorously but truly. The viticism is an historical fact. The first and second Demetrius, the Czaroff, Peter Alexis (son of Peter the Great), Ivan John the Fifth, Peter the Second, Peter the Third (the elder brother of Paul, a child), and Paul himself, are sufficient examples to instruct coming generations, and to speak as a handwriting on the wall to warn their successors. It was long thought by many that the last emperor, Alexander, might be included in this list. His death was mysterious and unexpected, which occasioned a general outcry of murder throughout Europe; but M. Schnitzler, in an able and most interesting work, lately republished in England, has supplied ample and authentic details to convince us that, in his case, typhus fever anticipated the more legitimate effect of secret conspiracy; and that, had not natural death intervened, he was equally marked out, like his predecessors, for the assassin's dagger. He had offended some of the high military officers and influential nobility, and after his death the plot, which was intended to destroy him, exploded, and was put down by Nicholas.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

A RELIC OF PATRIOTISM.

Gen. Wooster, to whose memory a monument has recently been erected in Danbury, Conn., was killed at Ridgefield by an English bullet in 1777. The assassin at the Danbury hospital, where the dying general was brought, probed his wounds and searched for the bullet in vain, and the ball still remained in the body when it was consigned to the grave. Seventy-seven years afterwards, as we learn from the New Haven Palladium, in 1854, when it was sought to remove the remains of Wooster, the exact spot of his interment was uncertain. Digging near the place where a few aged persons supposed the grave to have been, soon the skull and larger bones of a man were found. Then two bunches of matted wire were thrown out; they were the epaulets of the dead. Next was found a portion of a plume, and finally a lump of clay was tossed up, which, on being broken by the laborer, was discovered to contain the leaden bullet. This was conclusive proof of the identity of the remains. The bullet was known to be of English manufacture from its extraordinary size, being much larger than those used by the Americans. How little the soldier who sent the fatal messenger of death imagined that it would be held to the gaze of a great concourse of people, and honored by them as a precious relic seventy-seven years afterwards.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

In private conversation between intimate friends the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.—*Addison*.

houses that form such welcome beacons to the mariners in Dublin Bay. That which is situated at the entrance of Kingston harbor is, like the outer one in Boston harbor, a revolving light, but the others are fixed. That on the extreme point of Howth peeped at us far out in the Irish Sea.

I took the cars at Kingston for Dublin with keen anticipations of pleasure, for we had been told of the interesting localities and the fine rural country through which we were to pass, and our expectations, I must confess, were fully realized. Nearly the whole distance is lined with magnificent country residences, the grounds adjoining which are in the highest state of cultivation, and most picturesquely bestowed and ornamented. Here the nobility and gentry of Dublin reside during the summer months. Let no traveller hurry over this route by night trains, even though he should lose a day at Kingston, for it is a trip to be enjoyed, fully entered into, and remembered. I am sure the passage through this beautiful route to Dublin put me in excellent conceit with the country, and I entered the city with spirits on the *qui vive*, and resolved to enjoy and to like everything.

Dublin is beyond a doubt one of the finest cities of Europe, and is at present most thrifty and prosperous in commercial matters. The most of its streets are straight and very wide—that known as Sackville Street is some one hundred and fifty feet in width, and is the principal thoroughfare of the town. In its centre stands a Doric pillar of cut granite, one hundred and ten feet in height, placed here in honor of Lord Nelson. On each face of the pediment is inscribed the name of the hero's great battles, such as Aboukir, Copenhagen, the Nile, and Trafalgar. One of the finest views in all Dublin I obtained from the centre balustrade of Carlisle Bridge—the sight taking in at a comprehensive glance a vast picture of the wealth, extent and architectural beauty of the city. To the north stretches away the noble mall of Sackville Street with the Nelson monument. To the south is seen Westmoreland and D'Olier Streets, beautiful in the stately symmetry of their architecture, and a peep at Trovot's garden and one of the side wings of Trinity College, as well as a part of the colonnade of the Bank of Ireland. Turning to the eastward the eye follows the Liffey in its course to the sea; and between the masts of the vessels rises the solid structure of the Custom House. Westward the eye pursues the river's course where it flows between walls of hewn granite which form the frontage of the quays.

The "Four Courts," a series of buildings occupying a spot of four hundred and fifty feet, facing towards the river, and crowned with a majestic dome, was one of the first points to attract my attention. The front of the central building has a fine portico of six Corinthian pillars surmounted with statues representing Justice, Mercy, and other emblematical subjects. On entering the rotunda I found myself at once in the midst of a crowd of lawyers and those unfortunate individuals who appeared as plaintiffs and defendants. There are four courts held here, as the name would indicate—and the place is a sort of lawyers' exchange,

ments, the martial bearing, and the one spirit that seemed to pervade the whole body, appeared to operate like magic. The English regiments are in a high state of discipline.

There are a vast number of buildings richly worthy of examination in Dublin. Among those which I visited were the General Post Office, the Custom House, City Hall, Bank of Ireland, etc., any one of which would afford sufficient matter to form an entire letter if described in detail. Besides Phoenix Park, the city is graced by a large number of parks and squares, varying in size, and beautifully laid out with trees, shrubbery and flowers. They will average eight or ten acres each, and are the charm of the place. The Liffey, which runs through the place, is crossed by numerous fine bridges, and thus becomes a source of great ornament and picturesqueness. The city contains at present about 260,000 inhabitants, presenting all the phases of wealth, competence, poverty and want; an American eye is apt to mark at once the squalid misery of the lower classes contrasting with the regal splendor of the wealthy and titled. Begging is a trade in Dublin, at which thousands gain a livelihood.

After a brief but pleasant stay here, I took passage on the great southern and western railroad for Cork; and on the route thither passed through some of the finest counties in all Ireland—abounding in historical interest and legendary lore. We passed through the counties of Kildare, Queen's county, King's county, Tipperary, Limerick and Cork, traversing a great portion of the great bog of Allen—part of the bog being crossed by rails laid on a floating bridge. The places of interest on the line of the route were numerous and attracted my particular attention. Among them were the ruins of the Cathedral of Kildare, the ruins of Mallow Castle, the Devil's Bite, a small mountain, the summit of which bears a singular appearance, which gave rise to a story that the devil bit out a piece of the mountain and flew away with it and dropped it on a large rock, some twenty miles from this spot, and on this rock St. Patrick built a church. A story religiously believed in by the simple people of the neighborhood.

A pleasant ride of one hundred and sixty-five miles brought us from Dublin to Cork, of which place I shall have somewhat to say in my next letter.

THE WORLD AND CHANCE.

How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yes, or so much as make a good discourse in prose. And may not a little book be as easily made by chance as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be sprinkling colors upon canvass with a careless hand before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from several remote places in England, wander up and down before they would meet upon Salisbury Plain and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is more easy to be imagined than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.—*Tilston*.